

Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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SUMMER.

THAT FOURTH OF JULY ORATION IN FANEUIL HALL.

We wish the Fourth of July oration of Edwin D. Mead in Faneuil Hall last month could be read by every man and woman in America. It comes to us like a great cathedral bell among

little bells, sounding alarm at the growing danger of militarism and crime in our country, and calling the thoughts of all true patriots to patriotic efforts and to the prayer inscribed on our city's seal, "May God be with us as He was with our fathers."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT LONGFELLOW WROTE.

Were half the power that fills the world
with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on
camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from
error,
There were no need of arsenals or
forts.

The warrior's name would be a name
abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift
again
Its hand against a brother, on its fore-
head
Would wear forevermore the curse of
Cain!

Down the dark future, through long
generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and
then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet
vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ
say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen
portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes
the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ONE BULLET'S WORK.

So you're taking the census, master?
There's threes of us living still,
My wife, an' I, an' our only son that folks
call *Whispering Bill*;
But Bill couldn't tell ye his name, sir,
an' so it's hardly worth giving.
For ye see a bullet killed his mind an'
left his body living.

Sit down for a minute, master; you see
Bill was only fifteen
At the time o' the War, an' as likely a
boy as ever this world has seen;
An' what with the news o' battles lost,
the speeches an' all the noise,
I guess every farm in the neighborhood
lost a part of its crop of boys.

'Twas harvest-time when Bill left home; every stalk
In the fields o' rye
Seemed to stand tip-toe to see him off an' wave him a
fond good-bye;

*His sweetheart was here with some other girls—the
saucy little miss!*
An' pretending she wanted to whisper 'n his ear, she
gave him a rousing kiss.

Oh, he was a han'some fellow, an' tender, an' brave,
an' smart,
An' tho' he was bigger than I was, the boy had a
woman's heart.
I couldn't control my feelings, but I tried with all my
might,
An' his mother an' me stood a crying till Bill was out
o' sight.

His mother she often told him, when she knew he was
going away,
*That God would take care o' him, maybe, if he didn't
forget to pray;*
An' on the bloodiest battle-fields, when bullets whiz-
zed in the air,
An' Bill was a-fighting desperit, he used to whisper a
prayer.

Oh, his comrades have often told me that Bill never
flinched a bit
When every second a gap in the ranks told where a
ball had hit.
An' one night when the field was covered with the
awful harvest of war,
They found my boy 'mongst the martyrs of the cause
he was fighting for.

His fingers were clutched in the dewy grass—Oh, no,
sir, he wasn't dead,
But he lay sort of helpless an' crazy with a rifle-ball
in his head;
An' if Bill had really died that night I'd give all I've
got worth giving;
For ye see the bullet had killed his mind an' left his
body living.

An officer wrote an' told us how the boy had been
hurt in the fight,
But he said that the doctors reckoned that they
could bring him around all right.
An' then we heard from a neighbor, disabled at Mal-
vern Hill,
That he thought in the course of a week or so he'd
be coming home with Bill.

We was that anxious to see him we'd sit up and talk
at nights
'Till the break of day had dimmed the stars an' put
out the northern lights;
We waited an' watched for a month or more, an' the
summer was nearly past,
When a letter came one day that said they'd started
for home at last.

I'll never forget the day Bill came—'twas harvest-
time again—
An' the air blown over the yellow fields was sweet
with the scent of the grain;
*The dooryard was full o' the neighbors who had come
to share our joy,*
An' all of us sent up a mighty cheer at the sight of
that soldier boy.

An' all of a sudden somebody said: "Alas! don't the
boy know his mother?"
An' Bill stood a-whispering fearful like, an' staring
from one to another:
"Don't be afraid, Bill," said he to himself, as he
stood in his coat of blue,
*"Why, God'll take care of you, Bill, God'll take care
of you."*

He seemed to be loading an' firin' a gun, and to act
like a man who hears
The awful roar of the battle-field a-sounding in his
ears;
I saw that the bullet had touched his brain an' some-
how made it blind,
With the picture of war before his eyes an' the fear
of death in his mind.

I grasped his hand, an' says I to Bill, "Don't 'ee re-
member me?
I'm yer father—don't 'ee know me? How frightened
ye seem to be!"
But the boy kept a-whispering to himself, as if 'twas
all he knew,
*"God'll take care of you, Bill, God'll take care of
you."*

He's never known us since that day, nor his sweet-
heart, an' never will;
Father an' mother an' sweetheart are all the same to
Bill.

*And many's the time his mother sits up the whole
night through,
An' smooths his head an' says, "Yes, Bill, God will
take care of you."*

*Unfortunate? Yes, but we can't complain. It's a
living death more sad,
When the body clings to a life of shame an' the soul
has gone to the bad;
An' Bill is out of the reach of harm and danger of
every kind,
We only take care of his body, but God takes care of
his mind.*

Independent.

WHAT RUDYARD KIPLING SAYS OF ENGLAND'S NAVAL WARS.

*We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
And she hails us, still unfed;
There's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead.
We have strewn our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull;
If blood be the price of admiralty
Good God, we have paid it full!*

*There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But drops our dead on the sands forlorn,
From the Ducies to the Swin;
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Good God, we have paid it!*

*We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the Golden Hind,
Or the wreck that struck last tide;
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
Where the ghastly blue lights flare;
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Good God, we have bought it fair!*

HORSES IN WAR.

Hardly anything can be imagined more
cruel than the treatment of horses in war—
on the march through the swamps and wild-
ernesses—on the battlefields where during
our civil war thousands were left wounded
to die of starvation—no hospital or red cross
ambulance for them!

*Old Captain, in Black Beauty, tells the
story: "Some of the horses had been so
badly wounded that they could hardly move
from the loss of blood, others were trying
to drag themselves along on three legs, and
others were struggling to rise on their fore-
feet when their hind legs had been shattered
by shot. Their groans were piteous to hear,
and the beseeching look in their eyes to those
who passed and left them to their fate I shall
never forget."*

HATS FOR HORSES.

During the intense heat of July our
Massachusetts Society distributed over one
thousand hats to relieve suffering horses.

HATS FOR HORSES.

The 500 or more horses who were fortun-
ate enough to receive straw hats from the
Massachusetts Society for Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals to-day might be called
the equine leaders of fashion. The hats is-
sued this forenoon were tastefully trimmed
and were of green, brown and red colorings.

Officer Duckering, who gave away the
hats for the society, stood on the steps of
the building 19 Milk Street, and was held up
by every driver who happened to be on the
street at the time. Expressmen, icemen,
coalmen, ragmen and almost every other
kind of man who had a steed in charge

helped the officer make the hats disappear.
In the afternoon more hats were given out,
and to-night more than 800 equines think
that they are "it."

The society began giving away hats for
horses three years ago, and the demand for
hats was very heavy. Each succeeding
year the demand has grown, and before the
summer has passed more than likely every
horse in the city will have a sun bonnet. It
is the style in the horse set to wear straw
hats during the heated term, and a horse
without a hat will be considered a "hobo."

The aim of the society is to help drivers
who have the right intentions toward their
horses. President Angell believes that men
owning more than four horses can well af-
ford to buy hats for their animals.

Boston Globe.

OUR AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PRIZE OFFER OF \$200.

In response to our above offer for the best
plan of preventing strikes we have received,
from all over our country, eighty-eight
plans which complied with the conditions
of the offer, and thirty-two which do not,
making one hundred and twenty in all.

His Excellency, Governor John L. Bates,
of Massachusetts, has appointed one of the
committee to decide upon these plans, Hon.
Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of Boston, has
appointed another, and the two will appoint
the third. The gentlemen appointed are
prominent men, having many engagements,
and it may be they will not be able to make
any report before our October paper. Their
names will not be made known until their
report is rendered. It is hoped that
great good for our country may result from
these plans.

RED ACRE FARM.

As our readers know, we have been aiding,
in various ways, Miss Harriet G. Bird, of
Red Acre Farm, Stow, Mass., in estab-
lishing on her farm a sanatorium for over-
worked horses, broken down before their
time.

We have pleasure in saying that she has
now on her farm eleven such horses, and
all persons interested are requested to write
her for full information. Direct to Miss
Harriet G. Bird, Red Acre Farm, Stow,
Mass.

CHICAGO TEACHERS.

What Chicago teachers have done in con-
trolling the action of great corporations and
political bosses gives us an insight into the
possible power of teachers (organized on a
large scale) to accomplish great and good
results.

PROFESSOR SWING

Says Prof. Swing: One should ask for a vast store
of insensibility before going forth to shoot the bird
or the wild deer. Perhaps killing living creatures is
necessary in the economy of man, but he that kills
bird or beast should lament the necessity of such a
defaming of life's temple; and he who causes use-
less pain to brutes must be reckoned among the
infamous. Not far from the mind of bird or deer
stands the thrilling mystery of a God. All life has
its rights and its awful mystery. Mankind should
stand in holy reverence on the shore of a sea no
intellect can cross.



A WHOLE, UNMUTILATED HORSE SUCH AS WE USED TO RIDE.

INFLUENCE OF THIS PAPER.

"GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Dear Sir:—Some time since I obtained from your office several copies of your paper containing articles on docking, and sent them to a wealthy family who came to our town bringing a span of beautiful horses cruelly mutilated for life by docking. Three times within ten days I sent *Our Dumb Animals* with its silent plea, when to my great joy the span was replaced by horses 'as the Almighty made them,' with beautiful flowing tails.

I am glad of this testimony to the value of your paper in the line of humane education."

WORK OF ONE VICE-PRESIDENT OF OUR AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

BRIEF REPORT OF HUMANE WORK DONE BY MRS. HARRIET C. REYNOLDS, A VICE-PRESIDENT OF OUR AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES.

Mrs. H. C. Reynolds began humane work in 1893 and while in Rhode Island was secretary of the Humane Education Committee and in one year visited and gave addresses in 603 schools and formed 575 Bands of Mercy.

She was with Clara Barton in Turkey during the Armenian troubles, and while there she brought out an edition of 5,500 copies of *Black Beauty* in Greek for the schools of Constantinople, the villages along the Bosphorus, and schools of Asia Minor. She also had *Black Beauty* printed as a serial in the *Herald* and *Neologus*, the latter journal having the largest circulation of any paper in the Greek language.

In 1896 Mrs. Reynolds had an edition of 5000 copies of *Black Beauty* in Greek published in Athens for the schools of Greece and neighboring islands; she also had articles on the "Need and Value of Humane Education" printed in several Greek journals.

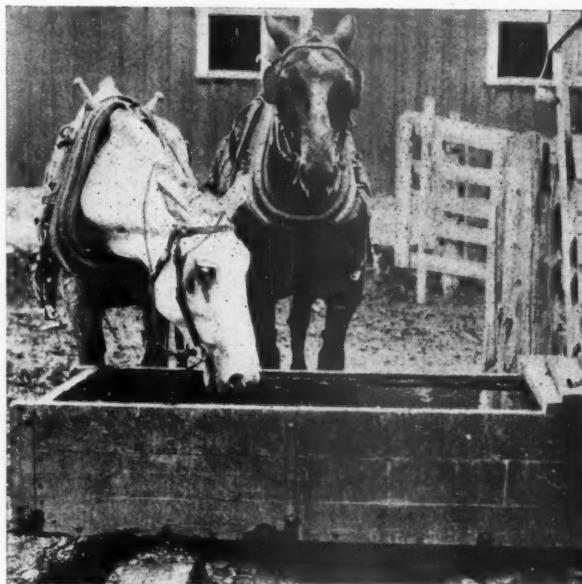
She organized an S. P. C. A. in Athens, under the protection of Queen Olga. The society when last heard from had been incorporated, and through its influence humane education and literature had been introduced into the schools.

In Italy she brought out an edition of *Black Beauty* in Italian and through the influence of Visconti de Venosta it was placed in the leading schools of the country. Mrs. Reynolds had translated and printed 10,000 leaflets of "Early Lessons in Kindness and Cruelty." This leaflet was regarded

SONG SPARROW.

Early one spring while strolling through a clearing close by a brook, the writer discovered the nest of a song sparrow in a brush pile; it contained two eggs. Upon visiting the nest again a day or so later, two additional eggs had been deposited, and upon making a third call some time afterwards the nest contained four young. On my return trip, the mother bird was sitting on the edge of the nest in the act of feeding the young. Upon approaching closer, she surprised me by remaining there, and I advanced near enough to place my hand upon her, still she refused to leave her precious little ones, but sat perfectly motionless, with the exception of a slight quiver of the eye. She remained in this position until I had retreated a good distance from the little home, evidently to make sure that no harm was intended. Here indeed was a striking instance of the protecting care and filial devotion shown by our birds towards their young.

BURTON MERCER,
In *American Ornithology*.



THE TEAM AT THE TROUGH.

with such favor that three editions have since been issued by the Italians.

While in Italy she presented to the Pope, through Cardinal Rampolla (the Prince of the Vatican) the following World's Petition signed by Clara Barton, Frances Willard, and Lady Henry Somerset, the representatives of at least 5,000,000 women:

TO HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII.

"The undersigned have learned with great pleasure and satisfaction of the commands issued to ecclesiastics by Your Holiness in reference to the cruel sport of bull-fighting, and believing great good will be accomplished thereby would most respectfully submit the following memorial:

"Though animals may have no souls, and may therefore not be comparable to man, except in the physical sense, yet as man has a soul, and as nothing more surely develops the evil side of the moral nature than the practice of cruelty, thus imperiling the soul's welfare, therefore

"We pray Your Holiness to recommend to Roman Catholic educators throughout the world the systematic teaching of kindness to the lower animals, as well as to human beings. In some parts of the United States laws have been enacted prescribing such teaching, because experience has shown that in communities where children have been taught to be kind and merciful to beings more helpless than themselves crime and consequent injury to the community have greatly diminished.

"Realizing the great value of any such recommendation from Your Holiness, and the vast amount of good that would thereby be accomplished, we earnestly ask that Your Holiness will grant our request."

The petition appeared next morning in the Italian papers under the head of "Vatican News."

Through the efforts of Mrs. Reynolds, Humane Education Committees were ap-

pointed in the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of San Remo, Genoa, Florence, Naples, and in the Society for the Protection of Children at Rome.

An Anti-Vivisection Society was formed at Florence with Lady Paget as president. Mrs. Reynolds also had many articles on humane education printed in the leading journals of the different cities.

In Switzerland she had the same leaflet, "Early Lessons in Kindness and Cruelty," translated and printed in French for the schools of the French Cantons. As a testimonial of their appreciation of her services in humane work, Mrs. Reynolds was given a diploma and large silver medal on which was engraved the emblem and motto of the S. P. C. A. and also that of the city of Geneva.

In the south of France she had translated and printed humane leaflets which were given in some of the schools and homes along the Riviera by the agents of the S. P. C. A. of Nice.

At Paris she succeeded in getting the S. P. C. A. to take an edition of 10,000 copies of *Black Beauty* (Prince Noir) for the schools of Paris.

The Society was unable to pay for the whole edition and five Americans, living in Paris and interested in humane education, paid for the balance.

At the Paris Exposition Mrs. Reynolds represented the exhibits of the American Humane Association and Humane Education Committee of the S. P. C. A. of Rhode Island. A gold medal was awarded the former and a silver medal the latter exhibit.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

A TEMPLE OF HUMANITY.

We want to build in Boston, to be the home of our "American Humane Education Society"—our Bands of Mercy and our State Society P. C. A., a "Temple of Humanity," on whose inside walls shall stand through the centuries, as long as Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill monument, not only the names, on marble tablets, of its founders, but also [unless expressly forbidden], either oil paintings or their photographs, protected [as they easily can be] to show future generations the kind faces of those who have helped build our "Temple of Humanity."

In the growth of our humane work, when our Bands of Mercy [multiplied by ten] shall number half-a-million—and this paper go monthly to nearly or quite a million readers—and our other humane publications reach, as "Black Beauty" has already, more than three millions copies, we may need the whole of a building as large as that now used by *The Youth's Companion*, but in the meantime portions of it can [like our Tremont Temple] be profitably let for other unobjectionable uses.

Some of our friends will prefer, we think, to have their monuments in this form rather than at Mount Auburn.

We certainly would prefer to have our name stand through the centuries in the "Temple of Humanity" than in a "Temple of Fame."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BUYING A FRIEND.

WHO WILL STICK TO YOU THROUGH GOOD REPORT AND EVIL REPORT.

If a man could go into open market and for two or three hundred dollars purchase the life-long devotion of a friend, though a humble friend, it would be accounted a wonderful thing. But that is exactly what happens or might happen whenever a horse is bought. You give him food, lodging, and the reasonable services of a valet, in return for which he will not only further your business or your pleasure, as the case may be, to the best of his ability, but he will also repay you with affection, respond to your caresses, greet you with a neigh of pleased recognition, and in a hundred ways of his own exhibit a sense of relationship.

There are men to whom a horse is only an animated machine; they will ride and drive him, hire grooms, and draw checks for his sustenance and keeping, but all without a single thought of the animal as having a character, a mind, a career of his own; as being susceptible to pain or pleasure; as a creature for whose welfare they have assumed a certain responsibility of which they cannot get rid although they may forget it or deny its existence. Even among people who are intelligent, religious, and kind-hearted, as the world goes, there is sometimes found, as we all know, especially when their own convenience is concerned, an astonishing indifference to the sufferings of dumb beasts.

There is a good deal of hardheartedness in our Puritan blood as respects dumb animals. I once spent several weeks on a farm where many beasts of various kinds were kept. The family was of pure New England stock, farmers for many generations back, stalwart, intelligent, honest people, pillars of the church, leading men in the village, but in their treatment of dumb beasts without feeling or compunction. If the cows did not enter their stalls at the proper moment they were pounded with whatever weapon became handy; horses were driven when they were lame, and neglected when they were tired. Every animal on the place was in a continual state of hunger, and none ever received a kind word or a pat of the hand. That on all convenient occasions I surreptitiously fed the occupants of the barn—horses, cows, oxen, and bull—is a fact which I may be permitted to state, lest I should include myself in the condemnation of these hard-hearted farmers;

and I recall with pleasure the anticipatory neighing, the scraping of hoofs and the rattling of chains that soon became a regular occurrence whenever I set foot upon the threshold. I have known better educated, village-bred persons of the same stamp, men of a kind that command, when they die, half-column obituary notices in the paper, who took a vicious delight in stoning dogs off their lawns, and who would have been moved to scorn by any show of affection for a horse.

People whose attitude toward dumb animals is of this character not only fail of their duty but miss a vast amount of happiness. Horses are to be enjoyed in other ways than those of riding and driving. To become familiar with their characters and peculiarities, of which latter horses have many; to see them comfortable in their stalls, sleek, well fed, well groomed, warmly blanketed; to give them affection and to receive it back; finally, to take pride in them, and, frankly speaking, to brag about them without being more unvarnished than a fairly good conscience will allow—this is to enjoy a horse.—H. C. MERWIN, in *Road, Track, and Stable*.

TO PROTECT BOTH SICK AND WELL.

We have repeatedly urged the importance of some scientific, practical discovery to close the ears temporarily against sounds we do not want to hear.

We feel sure that Edison or some one can give us such an invention and make a fortune by doing it. Millions would buy it, if only to escape our terrible Fourth's of July.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PUBLIC HEALTH.

We have no hesitation in saying that no civilized country in the world is in greater need of active and independent societies for the protection of public health than our own, and we wish the editors of the about twenty thousand American publications to whom our paper is regularly sent would take up this subject.

THE CHOIR OF THE DAYBREAK.

BY HOMER P. BRANCH.

I sat by the window at daybreak,
As the wild birds carolled the hour,
And watched the shades of the night time
Droop 'neath the morning's power,
And as the banners of sunrise
Flung their colors above the trees,
The burst of light charmed the bird notes
Into sweeter melodies.

The wren, the linnet and robin,
The oriole, cat bird and jay,
And all the choir of the treetops
Spiritedly sang, and gay
And with notes unknown to mortals,
With harmonies grandly fair
As the soul's unuttered music,
They piped on the morning air.

The daybreak's freshness and grandeur,
And the songs of the happy birds,
Commingled a tender beauty
That cannot be told in words
And a gladness settled o'er me
That lifted me out of the cares
That yesterday bore upon me
In the burden of affairs.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WRITES:

This one thing I write unto you, love-bewildered girls: All men make good lovers, while they are about it. The expressions of courtship go for little. How many roses does he bring? How many kisses does he give? These are not the questions. Are his vows ardent? Are his letters affectionate? These matter less than it would be possible to make you believe.

But what kind of a son is he to an aged or a lonely father? Is he patient with an unattractive, an ailing, even a nagging mother? Do you know how he treats his sister?

WELL WORTH READING.

SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS., June 23, 1903.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL,

Dear Sir:—An incident has recently occurred which may be of interest to publish, if not it certainly will interest you personally as it touchingly illustrates the intelligence and pertinacity of the maternal instinct in a bird.

Mr. Joslin, the conductor on the Southbridge branch of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., had left a spare passenger coach for several weeks at East Thompson. A robin had taken possession of it and built her nest on the frame-work of the trucks under the body of the car. The bird had been seen around the car by different employees of the road without suspecting the presence of the nest until last Saturday, the 20th inst., when the car was coupled on and hauled to Southbridge; the mother following the train and on its arrival brooding and feeding her young which were just hatched. The mother followed the train on its return trip to East Thompson, where she again fed and housed the young birds. On the second trip of the train in the afternoon the bird again followed her young to Southbridge and back to East Thompson, where the car was side-tracked and given into possession of the robin, rent free, until her family are grown.

The distance traveled by the bird in the two round trips was eighty-six miles.

The kind-hearted conductor said if he had known the nest was there he would never have taken the car out.

Truly yours,

(Signed)

W. G. REED, M.D.

[This is the kind of humane education our American Humane Education Society is trying to send into all American schools, far more important, we think, to the future prosperity of our country, than great armies, great navies and great wars.]

PATHETIC BUT TRUE.

EDITOR DUMB ANIMALS:—

A pathetic but true story is told of Mr. John Gates, late of Sterling Junction, Mass., and his two pet dogs. Mr. Gates had taught one of them, Tip, a nice collie, to go down to the R. R. crossing to a certain train every morning and get his morning paper. He never made a mistake on the train, and if the train was late waited for it. Last April Mr. Gates died and was buried in the family lot—and ever since the dogs in company make almost daily visits to his grave.

A friend [Dr. Somebody, whose name in the multitude of our letters has been lost,] sends us the above.

Before Justice Fabens, at Marblehead, June 27th, a summer resident at Marblehead Neck pleaded guilty to having possession of a freshly docked horse, and was fined \$100.

On the 30th inst. another summer resident pleaded guilty to a like offence, also to causing a horse to be docked. Was fined \$100 on the first, and \$25 on the last-named complaint.

THE RAIN-SONG OF THE ROBIN.

Oh, the rain-song of the robin! How it thrills my heart to hear
The rain-song of the robin in the summer of the year!
How I long for wings to join him where his carol poureth free,
And for words to beg the secret of his magic minstrelsy!

Does he sing because he revels in the fury of the storm?
In the thunder and the lightning does he find a hidden charm?
Or with prophet eye, enraptured, does he see the darkness past,
And the beauty which shall blossom when the clouds disperse at last?

When Thy rain on me descendeth, and Thy clouds about me roll,
Grant, O God, the power of singing to my tempest-shaken soul!
May I see Thy mercy shining far behind the outer gloom!
May I hear Thine angels chanting! May I see Thy lilies bloom!

KATE UPSON CLARK, in *Harper's Bazar*.

WHERE IS MY DOG? AND OTHER THINGS OF INTEREST.

From a volume of over 200 pages, written by Rev. Chas. J. Adams, Rector of "The Church of Holy Spirit," Rondout-on-the-Hudson.

"Speak crossly to the child to whom you have been habitually kind and see how surprised and grieved and crestfallen it will look."

"Speak in the same way to a dog which you have habitually treated kindly, and notice how surprised and grieved and crestfallen it will look. It will look into your face to see that you are not pretending, and then go away heartbroken."

"In every particular the expressions of the dog will be similar to those of the child, excepting that the child will weep. But the keeper will tell you that the mother monkey weeps upon the death of her child."

"Bayard Taylor tells of a favorite horse, old John by name. He was in the habit of talking to this old horse as he would have talked to a man. He was driving along a country highway one hot summer day, when John gave evidence of distress. 'What's the matter, John?' he asked kindly. John stopped and held up one of his front feet. Mr. Taylor stepped to the ground, examined the foot, and found that the shoe was loose, and that a pebble had got between it and the hoof. With a pat and a smile and a word of esteem Mr. Taylor removed the pebble and drove John to a blacksmith's shop, where the shoe was tightened."

"There are stories without number of dogs coming and placing a foot in a lap to have a splinter extracted. In the interest of a master or a child, in trouble the dog will plead with you to accompany him, by whining, plucking your clothes, running ahead. The house is on fire and the master is in danger. The dog pulls at the bedclothes, barks in his anxiety, gently nips his hand. The master is awakened and saved."

"In a certain town there were two maiden ladies who were great friends, and agreed upon all subjects but religion. One was a Methodist, the other a Baptist; one believed in sprinkling, the other in immersion. War upon this subject was waged with varying success. Now victory perched on the banner of sprinkling, now on that of immersion. One day the Methodist was completely discomfited by a shrill voice in her ear saying, 'That's a lie.' It was the Baptist maiden's parrot."

"A party of gentlemen laughed at a friend for talking to his horse and his dog. 'Laugh,' he said, 'but they understand me as well as you do.' To illustrate this he said, 'Well, I think I'll go home now.' The dog, which had been lying at his feet, arose and sprang into his buggy, and took his place on the seat over from where the driver would naturally sit. The shepherd dog understands his master's commands, and obeys them with astonishing promptness and efficiency. A gentleman in the North-west owned a dog of this sort of which he was very fond and proud. In displaying his intelligence he one day told him to cut the rams out of a mixed flock of sheep. *It was done.* Then he told him to cut out the ewes; *it was done,* and the lambs were left by themselves. In separating the ewes from the lambs he had to move very quickly and intelligently, and do a good deal of well-directed barking; for not only is it hard to separate mothers and their children, but he had at the same time to keep the rams and the ewes rounded up. In my boyhood I was very familiar with a great Newfoundland dog. In the evening my grandfather would say, 'Now, Jerry, it is time to bring the cows.' Not waiting for another word, the great fellow would arise lazily and start to the hill pasture after them. In directing either the shepherd dog or Jerry not a gesture was used."

"There is nothing more certain than that animals have a language, or means of communications of ideas of their own. Notice the wise, engaged looks of a community of crows cawing together, and you are tempted to substitute the word talking for cawing. See the martins upon and about their boxes. How they sidle toward each other! How they chatter; shall we not say, how they talk? They are certainly interchanging ideas. And two house-wives leaning over the fence which separates their gardens do not seem to gossip with greater enjoyment than they."

MIRTHFULNESS.

"I have in mind the picture of the playing of two nearly grown Newfoundland pups on a rough lawn, which ran to the brink of a sudden descent over which ashes were wont to be dumped. One of them, which was pursued, paused on the brink of this descent. The other thought he had him. Like a flash he bounded aside and the other went to the bottom head over heels, and brought up covered with ashes, and sneezing. The dozen or so who witnessed the scene roared with laughter,—roared and screamed, for there were some ladies in the number. The perpetrator caused the laugh to come again by looking over the brink with mouth open, tongue out and eyes in which there was a new light, showing that he was amused by the discomfiture of his companion."

WHY COUNTERFEITED.

Did you ever see a counterfeit ten dollar bill?

Yes.

Why was it counterfeited?

Because it was worth counterfeiting.

Was the ten dollar bill to blame?

No.

Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?

No.

Why not?

Because it is not worth counterfeiting.

Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?

Yes, lots of them.

Why was he counterfeited?

Because he was worth counterfeiting.

Was he to blame for being counterfeited?

No.—*Bethany Tidings.*



From "Doris and Her Dog Rodney," by Lily F. M. Wesselhoeft, Published by Little, Brown & Co.

HAMISH'S PRAYER.

BY JANET STORY.

"Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be."

"Amen!" said the shepherd, an' shut the Bulk,
"May we a' in oor turn win hame;"

An' he look'd on the circle aroun' the fire
Wi' a fu' heart—"Praised be His name!"

Wee Hamish, his youngest, a thoughtful bairn,
Though sturdy an' blithe, like the lave,
Wi' a farawa' look in his bonnie blue e'en
Had listened, intent, an' grave.

An' syne, wi' his airms roon' the coolie's neck,
His ain on the shaggy head,
He lookit up in his feyther's face,
An' in won'er'ing tone he said—

"Are there doggies in heaven? Will Donal gang?"
Then silence fell for a space;
An' the shepherd sighed, an' a tear and a smile
Were seen on the mither's face.

An' the coolie look'd up on hearin' its name,
Look'd up wi' a wistfu' e'e,
As gin it wad trust to its maister's hert,
An' lifted ae paw on his knee—

"Whar a' 'ill win that are brave an' kin',
An obedient an' faithfu' an' true,"
Said the bairn; "an, feyther, it's that 't the Bulk,
They'll surely tak' Donal' too."

"Ay, ay, my wee mannie, the Lord kens best,
Nane daur limit po'er ava;
Nae service for love is without its reward,
He made Donal' as weel's us a'."

That night, when Hamish was prayin' his prayers,
He paused or he cam' to the en',
An opened his e'en and said, "Bide for a wee,
Afore that I say, 'Amen!'"

"An' mither, ye'er no' to hearken the noo;"
And he whispered a bit by himsel',
An' did the like after at a' his prayers,
An' what it meant mither could tell;

For that night, as she hushed him to sleep on her breast,
To the tune o' a croonin' sang,
He tell't her his secret low in her ear—
"I was askin' for Donal' to gang."

As Sunday at gloamin' wee Hamish lay,
Wi' his pictur' buik, on the flur;
An' as he gae'd owre it, a strange bricht thoct
Flew into his min'—*frae where?*

An, he cried oot wi' glee, "Oh, Donal', ye're gaun!"
Ye're gaun! I ken it's sae,
For whar there's a Shepherd, an' sheep, an' lambs,
There's bude to be doggies tae!"

An' so that night, frae the mither's knee,
This message in heaven was heard,
"Oh Lord, I'm happy that Donal's tae gang,
I kent Ye wad sen' me word."

"He's a bonnie bit beast, an' kens a' aboot sheep,
He's awfu' gentle wi' lambs,
An' Ye ev'n could lippen the weans till his care
That play wi' the golden palms!"

Wee Hamish grew up to hae honor and wealth;
He was ane o' the world's great men:
But aye he wad say o' his childish days,
"I was neurer to heaven then."

An' when he look'd back wi' a wistfu' sigh
To the laddie wi' yellow hair,
That played wi' the dog on the steep hillside,
There arose from his heart this prayer:

"O, Lord, gin I loose my childlike trust,
Grant I may be forgiven;
An' mak' me doon to a bairn again,
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, August, 1903.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of fifty-five thousand four hundred and twenty-one.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

HUMANE EDUCATION AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

At the monthly meeting of the Directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 15th ult., Vice-President Hill reported the number of animals examined in investigation of cases since June report, 2615.

The number of animals taken from work was 126, and 125 horses and other animals mercifully killed.

One thousand horse huts have been given away, and the humane suggestion thus made has resulted in the comfort of many other horses whose owners have provided for them.

We are pained to note the recent death of the late Deputy Sheriff Edward L. Day, of Stockbridge, who for more than thirty years has been one of our most efficient Agents. He accomplished a world of good work in Berkshire County, which we have always endeavored to appreciate, and to those nearest and dearest to him we tender our most sincere sympathy. We shall indeed be fortunate if we can find as earnest and painstaking a successor.

A GOOD FRIEND

Writes us, expressing a hope that the time may come when caged wild animals, will not be subjected to the sufferings now inflicted upon them, but instead stuffed specimens will be publicly exhibited. We join in that hope.

HUMANE TRAPS.

Will our readers tell us what form of trap they consider most humane to save animals from the sufferings now inflicted upon them by steel traps?

OUR "HUMANE BUILDING."

It is suggested that our proposed new building shall be named "*The Humane Building*"—that in the most prominent part of it shall be inscribed the names of its givers and the objects for which it is erected: "*Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature.*"

ITALY.

We have received a profoundly interesting letter from Ellerton James, Esq., of Boston, telling of the terrible cruelty he has found inflicted upon animals in Italy.

We have sent to Italy more than a thousand copies of "*Black Beauty*," printed in the Italian language, with various other publications, in addition to which I sent his "*Holiness*" some years ago a very large box of our publications, for which we were duly thanked. They are now printing "*Black Beauty*" in Italian, I think at Naples, and have started a humane education society there, somewhat on the plan of our American Humane Education Society, which was the first of its kind in the world.

A Virginia gentleman writes, through one of our good friends, that a balky horse can always be started immediately by simply blindfolding.

HOW TO CHECK A RUNAWAY HORSE.

As soon as the driver sees the disposition to run, in the horse he is driving, let him begin the rapid jerking first on one line and then on the other, not gently, but with such force as to bring the bridle-bit from one side to the other through the horse's mouth. This new motion so confuses the animal that all other fear is taken away. From many years' driving I have never found this method to fail on the most refractory horse. Of course, you should never drive any horse without the beat of strong leather that will stand any strain you need to put on it.—*Farm and Fireside.*

A WOMAN NOT AN ANGEL.

When you've looked this wide world over,
Tender husband, sighing lover;
Sought among the sex so charming with an intuition true,
You will find, I think, that woman
Is not an angel, but just human;
Blessed with earthly aspirations, cursed by human frailties too.

Men are ever looking higher
Than themselves, and thus aspire
From the solemn heights of heaven angel helpmeets to allure.
But an angel cannot kiss you,
Cling to, fret for, long for, miss you,
Neither could she stray from heaven burdened with your grief and care.

Woman is no angel truly,
But just flesh and blood as fully
As the frail and faulty partner of her joys and griefs can be.
Yet if God should angel call her,
Still I hope He won't recall her,
For though she be not angelic she is good enough for me.

Good enough for man—the sinner—
Good as nurse and as breadwinner,
Good to banish gloom around you when God's other lights are dim,
Good to guide your feet to virtue,
Keep you back from sins that hurt you,
Good to frighten off the spectres thronging round death's angel grim.

Constant her devotion ever,
Wavering in her friendship never,
Gentle as a dewdrop falleth is to aching brow her hand;
Warm in her affection, clinging
To her loved, tho' ruined, bringing
Hope where once was desperation, ruling with unvoiced command.

Minneapolis Tribune.

OUR BANDS OF MERCY.

Along our village street they come,
Our little Band of Mercy;
Do all the goodly work we can,
To help all living creatures.

CHORUS:

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of right against wrong;
And thousands bless the happy day
They joined the Bands of Mercy.

At first 'twas but a faithful few
That joined the Bands of Mercy;
But magic-like their numbers grew
Into great Bands of Mercy.

Now thousands know the world around
How to treat living creatures;
Put down your guns, O men and boys,
And join the Bands of Mercy.

EVA CLOUGH,
Secretary of B. O. M., Cabot, Vt.

DOCKING.

The docking of horses' tails by Anglomaniacs who ape English manners and customs should be made a criminal offence, punishable by imprisonment for not less than one year. Nature provided the horse with a tail to brush off the flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, just as the Creator furnished man with hands to protect himself. There are no mosquitoes and scarcely any flies in Great Britain to bother animals. A man who will wantonly cut a horse's tail should be compelled to stand on a sugar dock in hot weather with his hands tied behind his back, and he would then know the agony and torture a poor horse suffers with nothing but a stump of a tail to drive off these pests and tormentors.—*St. Louis Herald.*

AUTOMOBILES AND HORSES.

While the toot of the auto is a warning to drivers of horses, it is suggested that the blowing of a metal whistle should be considered a warning to all automobilists to use extra care to prevent frightening horses; also that by a free use of blocks of sugar horses may be made familiar with automobiles.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over fifty-five thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

IN HIS GOOD SHIP "THE FOAM."

A kind friend sends us a beautiful poem taken from the New York Independent, but too long for our columns.

The captain of the good ship "Foam," on his homeward voyage, had nearly reached Kingsport Light when he discovered an old boat drifting. He was anxious to get into port before night and hardly thought it worth while to stop to pick up the boat, but just then through his glass he discovered a kitten walking around the gunwale of the boat, and being a very kind-hearted man determined that he would rescue the kitten. It was an old boat that had been lying on the beach, and the captain's little boy had gone on board with his kitten, fallen asleep, and with the high tide was drifting out to sea. This is what happened:

Over the rolling troughs, between
The purple gulfs, the slopes of green,
With sickening glide and sullen rest
The old boat climbed from crest to crest.

That day, in his good ship, "The Foam,"
Shipmaster Clive was speeding home;
His heart was light, his eyes elate;
His voyage had been fortunate.

"If the wind holds," said he, "to-night
We'll anchor under Kingsport Light;—
I'll change the fogs of Fundy wild
For Whitewaters and wife and child."
He marked the drifting boat and laughed,
"What clumsy lubber's lost his craft?"
"What's that walks the gunwale?" cried
A sailor, leaning o'er the side.

The captain raised his glass. Said he,
"A kitten! Some one's pet, maybe!
We'll give it passage in 'The Foam'—
Soft is the heart that's bound for home
"Stop for a kitten?" growled the mate;
"Look to the sun; we're getting late!
If we lose this tack we'll lie to-night
A long ways off of Kingsport Light."

The Captain paused irresolute;—
"To leave the helpless little brute
To the wrecked seaman's death accurst,
The slow fierce hunger, the mad thirst,—
I wish not my worst enemy
Such death as that! Lay to!" said he.

The ship came up into the wind;
The slackening canvass flapped and dinned;
And the ship's boat with scant delay
Was swung and lowered and away,
The Captain at the helm, and four
Stout men of Avon at the oar.

They neared the drifting craft; and when
They bumped against her gunwale, then
Harry upraised his tumbled head!
"My God! My boy!" the Captain said.

And now with belling sails "The Foam"
Up the tossed flood went straining home;
The wind blew fair; she lay that night
At anchor under Kingsport Light.

And late that night, in gladness deep
Sank father, mother, child, to sleep,—
Where no storm breaks nor terror stirs
The peace of God in Whitewaters.

CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been having a hard time with bronchitis and bronchial asthma, which have followed us since during sixty-one winter days we gave one hour addresses to all the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar schools of Boston. To recuperate, we are compelled to cut down our personal correspondence.



ANGORAS.

From Walnut Ridge Farms, 3 State St., Boston.

A CAT ELEVATOR.

It has become such an every-day convenience to be hoisted in an elevator car at railroad speed to the tenth floor of a high office building that one regards it as a matter of course. It has remained for an East Weymouth couple, however, to apply the principle of the elevator to the feline economy of the household with gratifying results.

Mr. and Mrs. G. live in upper apartments; therefore Mr. G. had to go down and up stairs every time their half-grown kitten was put out of doors or let in. This became monotonous. So one day Mr. G. placed the cat in a basket, tied a rope to the handle, and lowered the cat, Paul-like, to the ground. The cat evidently grasped the situation at once, for since that time she has rarely been let in or out of the door, but has made her perpendicular pilgrimages with all the gravity of an old business man. The most remarkable circumstance is that she now gets into the basket as it rests on the ground beneath the window and mews lustily until taken in. If there were a set of electric buttons for her to push, "Up once, down twice," she would probably learn the combination. As it is, she is the cause of a mild summer sensation in the town, and is proudly exhibited by her owner as a feline heroine.—Boston Journal.

THE HERO OF THE LAKE REGION.

A story of an heroic and intelligent act by a young collie dog comes from Gage's Lake, Ill., and as a result the dog has found a new home, and where he will be treated as one of the family. One afternoon, a few days ago, a 3½-year-old child disappeared from the camp on the shores of the lake where the child's parents were enjoying an outing. When darkness came on the child had not put in an appearance, and everybody turned out to search for her. All night the search was kept up, and the anxiety of the parents knew no bounds. Finally it was concluded the little one had died in the water, and arrangements were made by the father to drag the lake. The camp of the family is on the farm of Henry Meak. The next day, about 10 o'clock, Mr. Meak was returning from driving his cattle to pasture, and his dog ran with him. Suddenly the animal began barking terrifically under a pile of brush. Mr. Meak thought little of it, and passed on, calling to the dog to follow, but the animal kept on barking and refused to move. Finally, drawn from curiosity, the dog's owner thought he would investigate, and, going to the brush, saw asleep on the ground the little wanderer, wholly oblivious to her surroundings, and unconscious that she had been the cause of so much excitement and worry, says the *Live Stock Tribune*. She was picked up and carried home to the tearful mother, and the entire community rejoiced at her being found. The father of the child went to the farmer and insisted that he should have the dog. He gave a good price for the collie, which is now the hero of the lake region.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

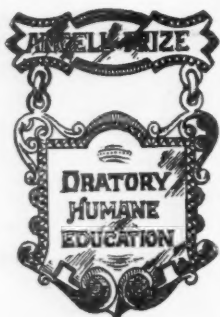
(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

In past numbers of our paper we have said that various friends had given us donations to aid in gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which every one reads with pleasure, and having read, wants every one else to read. We are sorry to add that the fund given for its distribution is now exhausted, but to those who wish to buy it the price for our edition [which we sell at bare cost] is ten cents per copy, post-paid, and the cloth-bound edition we are kindly permitted by its author, Mrs. Carter, to sell at sixty cents, or post-paid seventy cents per copy.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition. If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanised iron pipes.
- (3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

FROM THE MEMORIES OF A MULE.

BY ANNA D. LUDLOW.

Then I thought what good times those horses must have that are not working horses, but are finely fed, wear gold-trimmed harnesses, and draw shining carriages.

One day I found out my mistake. I saw a stylish carriage drawn by a pair of beautiful bay horses, and each of them held his head very high. I had never seen a horse hold up his head like that, and wondered at it. When they stopped at a store and some ladies got out, I saw that the horses' heads were held up by reins that went from the top of the head to a place in the harness where they were fastened.

The poor animals jerked and twisted their heads as if in distress, and their mouths frothed. The coachman looked at them, but did nothing. I wanted to go to him and beg him to let down those tight reins; but mules cannot talk. I wondered whether the owner of those horses was willing to have them tortured so. It must be that he was, for if not he could have ordered his coachman never to put on those reins.

Another day I saw what astonished me again, and I made up my mind that it was better to be a plain working horse than to be dressed up in gold and silver and draw grand coaches.

I saw a stylish open carriage with ladies in it beautifully dressed, holding parasols over their heads and fanning themselves. The horses were large, splendid black ones, and they actually had no tails! At least nothing but short stumps that looked as if they had begun to grow and then stopped. I had never before seen or heard of a horse without a tail.

I said to myself, "How can a horse without a tail ever keep off the flies that torment him?" I turned to a mule near me at the draystand, where I had been watching those horses across the street as they pawed the ground with their feet. I exclaimed, "How strange, horses without tails!"

"Why, you simple country mule; you don't understand city ways. Those horses used to have tails. I have seen them. They reached almost to the ground; but they have been cut off to make the horses look stylish."

"AGED MEN."

That Pope Leo should have lived to his 94th year certainly seems wonderful, but among a list on our table of distinguished men living to great age, we find Titian died at 99—Fontanelle light-hearted at 98—Cornaro in better health at 95 than at 30—Dr. Wm. Reynolds Salmon [of Glamorganshire] writing and practising medicine at 106—Dr. Du Bois [of Hanover] doing the same at 107—and Dr. David [nephew of the great painter David] doing the same at 101.

THE CRUEL OVERCHECK..

Loosen the check-rein, master;
See how your poor horse tries
To free himself from the cruel strain;
He tosses his head because of pain,
And pleads with his beautiful eyes.
Loosen the check-rein, master;
If only a moment you stay
To chat and gossip with friends in town;
Heed the sad pleadings of eyes so brown,
And give the tired neck full sway.
Loosen the check-rein, master;
Ah! see what a pleasure you bring!
"Old Dobbin" is weary of check-rein and style;
Let him stretch his poor neck as he chooses awhile
As free as a bird on the wing.

EVERYBODY KNOWS.

Everybody knows that there is and probably always will be sickness, pain, suffering and sorrow in this world, and a multitude of things which cause unhappiness, and which we would gladly have otherwise.

Everybody also knows that if everybody would try to make the world happier it could be made vastly happier than it is.

And how many good things we have to be thankful for—the flowers, the fruits, the harvests, the seasons, day and night, the sun, moon and stars, the power to enjoy all the beauties of nature and art with the eye, all the sweet harmonies of music with the ear, the odors of flowers with the nostrils, the foods that give us health and strength, the blessed sleep that comes without price to the poorest.

How a single mistake in the construction of one of the thousand parts that compose our bodies would torture us! How a single mistake in the great plan of the universe would involve our planet in ruin! How important each to the whole! It is asserted by scientists that if only the small birds on this earth were destroyed, all vegetation, because of the enormous increase of insects, would be eaten by them, and every human being and every animal would perish.

It is far beyond our reach to comprehend the power that governs all these things, but it is not beyond our reach to get some glimpses of the wisdom and goodness manifested in what some call the laws of nature, and others the laws of God.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

LADDIE.

A rush and a dash and a scamper,
A warm, nestling armful of fur;
Our brief game of tag—being over—
Gave place to the tenderest purr.
He measures a yard in the morning
When stretched in a sweet, dreamless sleep,
The rich, fawn fur, soft as velvet,
Showing broad, even stripes, dark and deep.
He lies on my lap in the sunshine,
I rock him to sleep on my arm,
I feel all the pleasure of loving,
And striving to shield him from harm.
He runs up the tree to my window
To tap with his paw on the pane,
And plead, in his sweet coaxing language,
For comfort and shelter again.
Each movement of gentle contentment,
Replete with luxurious grace,
Proclaims him at once and forever
The king of the feline race.

GRACE BACON HOLWAY.

(Laddie is a handsome and intelligent cat who has been my constant companion for seven years. During a critical illness some six months ago he would not leave me. During intervals of consciousness I remember him curled up beside me with his great loving eyes fastened upon my face.)

(From the Atlanta Constitution.)

The enormous increase of tree and plant maladies and the prevalence of the weed problem are both explained by the extinction of the birds whose providentially assigned vocation is to protect plant life from insect pests and to destroy the seeds of useless weeds in the farmer's fields. Half of the Southern States have adopted laws to protect the native birds. The other half should do so, and thus invite again the prevalence of these feathered sentinels over our fields and orchards.

CASES OF CRUELTY INVESTIGATED.

Whole number of animals examined in the investigation of cases by our office agents in June, 2615; horses taken from work, 126; horses and other animals killed, 125.

AGASSIZ ON IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.

It would be idle to multiply instances of the thorough humanity and gentility of Agassiz. Everybody who knew him can tell hundreds of anecdotes illustrative of his sympathy with all forms of life, whether in the jelly-fish, the human child, the developing boy or girl, the mature man or woman. Still his conviction of the immateriality and personality of mind was something wonderful in so austere a naturalist. We happened once to please him by defining a jelly-fish as organized water. "Now look at it through the microscope," he said. "But, Agassiz, the play of organization is so wonderful that it seems to me that nothing but mind can account for it." "You are right," was his answer: "in some incomprehensible way God Almighty has created these beings, and I cannot doubt of their immortality any more than I doubt of my own."—Boston Globe.

ANIMALS DO NOT REASON.

If any man thinks that animals do not reason we wish he could see what we have seen times without number, namely, the family cat turned out of the dining room into the kitchen and the door shut between. In about one minute she will go up the back stairs to the second floor, come down the front stairs and enter the front door of the dining room, usually left open.

All that has ever been written from the beginning of the world to this day to show that animals are governed by instinct and not reason is upset by this intelligent action of that family cat.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

A DOG LONGED FOR HIS OLD HOME.

A few days ago a half-starved, exhausted setter dog strayed into West Springfield. His body was gaunt, his eyes glassy, his legs tottering. A man possessed of the innate necessary requirements for membership in the society with a long and much abused name, was attracted by the dog's appearance. He noticed on examination that the dog wore a collar bearing the name "Benjamin Pepper, Hartford, Ct." The man took the dog home and gave him a square meal and lodging, and in the meantime communicated with the man in Hartford whose name was on the dog's collar. A prompt reply came, and the following story was disclosed: During a blizzard the dog was given shelter in the home of Mr. Pepper, where he had been duly adopted. In time the creature became greatly attached to his new quarters. Last summer the owner of the dog gave him away to a man in New Hampshire, 200 miles distant from Hartford. One day the animal, with a most determined air, left his new home and started southward. From that day until he appeared in West Springfield, the dog was heard of no more. At last faithfulness is to be rewarded, and the dog will doubtless live and die in the home of his former owner at Hartford.—Springfield Republican.

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at base ball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as base ball.

His companions, very good-naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one of them at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another—the tallest in the party; "never mind, I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said, aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 55025 New York City, N. Y.
Davis School Band, Div. 7.
P., H. A. Palmer.
- 55026 Davis School Band, Div. 8.
P., C. M. Warfield.
- 55027 Davis School Band, Div. 9.
P., L. M. Smith.
- 55028 Davis School Band, Div. 10.
P., B. E. Fogwell.
- 55029 Davis School Band, Div. 11.
P., Miss O. E. Capron.
- 55030 Davis School Band, Div. 12.
P., Miss Moore.
- 55031 Ruggles School.
Ruggles Sch. Band, Div. 1.
P., E. McClinton.
- 55032 Ruggles Sch. Band, Div. 2.
P., Mary E. Shay.
- 55033 Ruggles Sch. Band, Div. 3.
P., Helen L. Murphy.
- 55034 Ruggles Sch. Band, Div. 4.
P., Mary A. Hathaway.
- 55035 Ruggles Sch. Band, Div. 5.
P., M. V. Mahoney.
- 55036 Ruggles Sch. Band, Div. 6.
P., M. T. Hurley.
- 55037 Ruggles Sch. Band, Div. 7.
P., J. H. Brown.
- 55038 Ruggles Sch. Band, Div. 8.
P., M. E. Leonard.
- 55039 Linden St. School.
Linden St. School Band,
Div. 1.
P., Ellen L. Carter.
- 55040 Linden St. School Band,
Div. 2.
P., Mary N. Hart.
- 55041 Linden St. School Band,
Div. 3.
P., S. C. Jones.
- 55042 Linden St. School Band,
Div. 4.
P., F. G. Conroy.
- 55043 Reading, Pa.
North Eastern W. C. T. U.
Band.
P., Mrs. Mattie Cotrell.
- 55044 Plymouth, Iowa.
Look Out Band.
P., Miss Carrie Byington.
- 55045 St. Louis, Mo.
Sunshine Band.
P., Ralph Dyer.
- 55046 Chatham, N. Y.
Radiant Band.
P., A. T. Bennett.
- 55047 Webster, N. Y.
Ready and Active Band.
P., Albert B. Ecker.
- 55048 Twining, D. C.
P., E. Orr School.
Orr Band No. 1.
P., Miss Annie R. Williams.
- 55049 Orr Band No. 2.
P., Mrs. M. J. Peabody.
- 55050 Orr Band No. 3.
P., Miss Mabel C. Thompson.
- 55051 Orr Band No. 4.
P., Miss Marion E. Yoder.
- 55052 Takoma, D. C.
Takoma School.
Takoma Band No. 1.
P., Miss M. Bayly.
- 55053 Takoma Band No. 2.
P., Miss Minnie E. Comp-
ton.
- 55054 Takoma Band No. 3.
P., Miss Elizabeth O'Hare.
- 55055 Takoma Band No. 4.
P., Miss Edith Burden.
- 55056 Takoma Band No. 5.
P., Miss Mary A. Cady.
- 55057 Garfield, D. C.
Garfield School.
Garfield Band No. 1.
P., Mr. J. E. Syphax.
- 55058 Garfield Band No. 2.
P., Mr. E. S. Smith.
- 55059 Garfield Band No. 3.
P., Miss E. E. McGinnis.
- 55060 Garfield Band No. 4.
P., Miss M. Bland.
- 55061 Garfield Band No. 5.
P., Mr. E. M. Syphax.
- 55062 Garfield Band No. 6.
P., Miss B. E. Madden.
- 55063 Garfield Band No. 7.
P., Miss M. R. Richards.
- 55064 Good Hope, D. C.
Good Hope Band No. 1.
P., Miss C. I. Mathis.
- 55065 Good Hope Band No. 2.
P., Miss A. E. Douglas.
- 55066 Good Hope Band No. 3.
P., Miss M. C. Nixon.
- 55067 Kenilworth, D. C.
Kenilworth Band No. 1.
P., Mrs. E. A. Vorhees.
- 55068 Kenilworth Band No. 2.
P., Miss E. C. Espey.
- 55069 Providence, E. I.
Camp St. School.
Happy Hearts Band.
P., E. L. Dunham.
- 55070 Kind Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., Mary L. McKenna.
- 55071 Sunbeam Band.
P., Mary E. Tempest.
- 55072 Sunshine Band.
P., Anna W. Capron.
- 55073 Roger Williams Ave. Sch.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Louise W. Pierce.
- 55074 Life Savers Band.
P., Edith Austin.
- 55075 Kind Hearts Band.
P., Helen Seabury.
- 55076 Kind Helpers Band.
P., E. H. Lyman.
- 55077 Slater Ave. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Abbie A. Hathaway.
- 55078 Sunshine Band.
P., Katharine M. Hurley.
- 55079 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Sabrina P. Prouty.
- 55080 Messer St. Grammar Sch.
Messer Humane Society,
Chapter 1.
P., Laura I. French.
- 55081 Messer Humane Society,
Chapter 2.
P., Marion A. Place.
- 55082 Helpers of the Helpless
Band.
P., Adah S. Watson.
- 55083 Rhode Island Band.
P., F. E. Angell.
- 55084 Defenders of the Defence-
less Band.
P., Frances E. Watts.
- 55085 Golden Rule League Band.
P., C. F. Cowling.
- 55086 Defenders of the Defence-
less Band.
P., Annie L. Ring.
- 55087 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Cassandra M. Pierce.
- 55088 Roger Williams Band.
P., J. V. Farmer.
- 55089 Animals Friend Band.
P., S. L. Sweet.
- 55090 Golden Rule Band.
P., G. I. Stetson.
- 55091 Loyal Band.
P., E. G. Lyon.
- 55092 Central Falls, E. I.
Central St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., E. Louise King.
- 55093 Happy Workers Band.
P., Cassie M. Arnold.
- 55094 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Annie A. Barry.
- 55095 Kind Boys and Girls Bd.
P., Annie F. Bowker.
- 55096 Kendall St. School.
Roger Williams Band.
P., Cora B. Thurber.
- 55097 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Mabel R. Easton.
- 55098 Kind Workers Band.
P., M. Pauline McGrath.
- 55099 Kind Boys and Girls Bd.
P., Loretta E. Cutler.
- 55100 Broad St. School.
Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Lulu N. Conland.
- 55101 Loyal Defenders.
P., Anna J. Larabee.
- 55102 Sunshine Band.
P., Fannie M. Hamlin.
- 55103 Sunbeam Band.
P., Mary E. McLoughlin.
- 55104 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Evelyn M. Young.
- 55105 Kind Boys and Girls Bd.,
Div. 1.
P., Alice A. Wood.
- 55106 Kind Boys and Girls Bd.,
Div. 2.
P., Lucy M. Borden.
- 55107 Protectors of the Helpless
Band.
P., Elizabeth H. Tracy.
- 55108 Volunteer Band.
P., Marion M. Hill.
- 55109 Garfield St. School.
Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Mary A. Thresher.
- 55110 Loyal Defenders Band.
P., Clara E. Wilmarth.
- 55111 Golden Rule Band.
P., Grace L. B. Milligan.
- 55112 Sunshine Band.
P., Maude E. Gooding.
- 55113 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Martha L. Brennan.
- 55114 Kind Boys and Girls Bd.
P., Jennie E. Bowker.
- 55115 Auburn, E. I.
Eden Park Sch. of Cran-
ton, R. I.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mary E. Bosworth.
- 55116 Loyal Defenders Band.
P., Mary E. Bosworth.
- 55117 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Edna M. Wood.
- 55118 Kindness Band.
P., Annie H. Peck.
- 55119 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Mary E. Bosworth.
- 55120 Sunshine Band.
P., Anna A. Perry.
- 55121 Providence, E. I.
Benefit St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., D. S. Freeman.
- 55122 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., M. L. Moran.
- 55123 Helping Hand Band.
P., Katherine C. Walsh.
- 55124 Kind Deeds Band.
P., J. Macready.
- 55125 Kind Hearts Band.
P., A. T. Turner.
- 55126 Kind Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., C. F. Doran.
- 55127 Kind Helpers Band.
P., D. S. Freeman.
- 55128 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., M. Stone.
- 55129 Willing Workers Band.
P., A. T. Turner.
- 55130 Loyal Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., H. W. Allan.
- 55131 Sunbeam Band.
P., S. E. Walker.
- 55132 Willow St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., J. G. Perkins.
- 55133 Good Will Band, Div. 1.
P., E. A. Paul.
- 55134 Good Will Band, Div. 2.
P., Nellie Branch.
- 55135 Kind Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., Mary C. W. Bowen.
- 55136 Loyal Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., Helen G. Hazard.
- 55137 Kind Helpers Band.
P., P. A. Rathbone.
- 55138 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Margaret M. Shen.
- 55139 Kind Boys and Girls Bd.
P., Lucy F. Correll.
- 55140 Sunshine Band.
P., L. A. Moran.
- 55141 Potter Ave. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Orianna E. Nichols.
- 55142 Longfellow Band.
P., Ada Blinckhorn.
- 55143 I'll Try Band.
P., M. C. Beckwith.
- 55144 Willing Workers Band.
P., Mary E. Mykins.
- 55145 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Mary C. Lee.
- 55146 Sunbeam Band.
P., Betsey E. Brown.
- 55147 Sunshine Band.
P., Mary A. Harris.
- 55148 Kind Little Helpers Bd.
P., Jessie M. Barton.
- 55149 Arnold St. School.
Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Mary E. Bicknell.
- 55150 Kind Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., Charlotte C. Ingraham.
- 55151 Loyal Defenders Band.
P., Fannie A. Greene.
- 55152 Protectors of the Helpless
Band.
P., Ida E. Morse.
- 55153 Loyal Friends of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., S. D. Coleman.
- 55154 Little Helpers Band.
P., J. M. Kimball.
- 55155 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Ella A. Greene.
- 55156 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mary F. Augustus.
- 55157 Sunshine Band.
P., Margaret McLellan.
- 55158 The Animals Friend Bd.
P., Ida W. Arnold.
- 55159 Thayer St. Grammar Sch.
Protectors of the Helpless
Band.
P., Ellen L. Brown.
- 55160 Volunteer Band.
P., Mary Williams.
- 55161 Florence Nightingale Bd.
P., C. K. Clarke.
- 55162 Wide Awake Band.
P., Mary A. Helme.
- 55163 Lookout Band.
P., Clara M. Polk.
- 55164 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Eleanor H. Rhodes.
- 55165 Faithful Band.
P., Mildred L. Long.
- 55166 Golden Rule Band.
P., Anna M. Gerald.
- 55167 Vigilant Band.
P., L. Linda Hunt.
- 55168 Rosa Bonheur Band.
P., I. A. Dwyer.
- 55169 Landseer Band.
P., Helen J. Hurley.
- 55170 Chepachet, E. I.
Protectors of the Helpless
Band.
P., Henrietta M. Brayton.
- 55171 Golden Rule Band.
P., Marion L. Young.
- 55172 Central Falls, E. I.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Ella M. Patt.
- 55173 Protectors of the Helpless
Band.
P., Maude E. Young.
- 55174 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., E. F. Davis.
- 55175 Loyal Defenders Band.
P., G. L. Donnelly.
- 55176 Sunshine Band.
P., Kate Beattie.
- 55177 Sunbeam Band.
P., Anna E. Stevens.
- 55178 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Henrietta Martin.
- 55179 Little Helpers Band.
P., Alice F. Spaulding.
- 55180 Washington, D. C.
Sunshine Band.
P., Miss M. G. Taylor.
- 55181 Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Marie L. Dodd.
- 55182 Shirley, Indiana.
Methodist Sunday School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Mrs. Yelton.
- 55183 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss M. G. Taylor.
- 55184 No. 3 Band.
P., Mrs. Bovard.
- 55185 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. Hardman.
- 55186 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Houch.
- 55187 Christian Sunday School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Adom Durham.
- 55188 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Reynolds.
- 55189 No. 3 Band.
P., Mr. Garriott.
- 55190 No. 4 Band.
P., Mr. Carr.
- 55191 Friends Sunday School.
No. 1 Band.
P., E. B. Byrket.
- 55192 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Beeson.
- 55193 No. 3 Band.
P., Mrs. Kitterman.
- 55194 Fall River, Mass.
Samuel Longfellow Sch.
Samuel Longfellow Band,
Div. 1.
P., Mabel M. Manning.
- 55195 Samuel Longfellow Band,
Div. 2.
P., Edna Dubois.
- 55196 Samuel Longfellow Band,
Div. 3.
P., Edna Heywood.
- 55197 Samuel Longfellow Band,
Div. 4.
P., Lottie F. Mitchell.
- 55198 Samuel Longfellow Band,
Div. 5.
P., I. C. Howard.
- 55199 Samuel Longfellow Band,
Div. 6.
P., Mary Ryder.
- 55200 Samuel Longfellow Band,
Div. 7.
P., Katherine McCann.
- 55201 Samuel Longfellow Band,
Div. 8.
P., M. S. Connell.
- 55202 Pleasant St. School Band,
Div. 1.
P., Elizabeth S. Deane.
- 55203 Pleasant St. School Band,
Div. 2.
P., Elizabeth Gardner.
- 55204 Pleasant St. School Band,
Div. 3.
P., M. J. Regan.
- 55205 Pleasant St. School Band,
Div. 4.
P., Mary Alcock.
- 55206 Bowen St. School.
Bowen St. School Band,
Div. 1.
P., Amy A. Chace.
- 55207 Bowen St. School Band,
Div. 2.
P., Margaret Murphy.
- 55208 Columbia St. School.
Columbia St. School Band,
Div. 1.
P., M. A. Tower.
- 55209 Columbia St. School Band,
Div. 2.
P., M. A. Keyes.
- 55210 Columbia St. School Band,
Div. 3.
P., Miss Moran.
- 55211 Columbia St. School Band,
Div. 4.
P., Miss Reynolds.
- 55212 Davol School.
Davol School Bd., Div. 1.
P., M. E. Hurley.
- 55213 Davol School Bd., Div. 2.
P., K. Sullivan.
- 55214 Davol School Bd., Div. 3.
P., Miss Silvia.
- 55215 Davol School Bd., Div. 4.
P., Miss Bruckshaw.
- 55216 Davol School Bd., Div. 5.
P., Margaret A. Dea.
- 55217 Davol School Bd., Div. 6.
P., Miss Dodge.
- 55218 Davol School Bd., Div. 7.
P., Miss Walsh.
- 55219 Davol School Bd., Div. 8.
P., Miss Dinehart.
- 55220 Brown School.
Brown School Bd., Div. 1.
P., F. O. Grinnell.
- 55221 Brown School Bd., Div. 2.
P., H. G. Smith.
- 55222 Brown School Bd., Div. 3.
P., Katherine Burke.
- 55223 Brown School Bd., Div. 4.
P., Miss Borden.
- 55224 Brown School Bd., Div. 5.
P., C. L. Gold.
- 55225 Brown School Bd., Div. 6.
P., Miss Skelton.
- 55226 Broadway School.
Broadway School Band,
Div. 1.
P., B. N. Wilbur.
- 55227 Broadway School Band,
Div. 2.
P., M. G. Moran.
- 55228 Broadway School Band,
Div. 3.
P., E. T. Stuart.
- 55229 Broadway School Band,
Div. 4.
P., G. V. Boynton.
- 55230 Eastern Ave. School.
Eastern Ave. School Bd.,
Div. 1.
P., Annie M. Strout.
- 55231 Eastern Ave. School Bd.,
Div. 2.
P., M. F. McMahon.
- 55232 Eastern Ave. School Bd.,
Div. 3.
P., Mary M. Babcock.
- 55233 Eastern Ave. School Bd.,
Div. 4.
P., Annie Wyatt.
- 55234 James M. Aldrich School.
James M. Aldrich Band,
Div. 1.
P., Della A. Corbett.
- 55235 James M. Aldrich Band,
Div. 2.
P., Lillian W. Smith.
- 55236 James M. Aldrich Band,
Div. 3.
P., Addie E. Coggeshall.
- 55237 James M. Aldrich Band,
Div. 4.
P., M. C. Carr.
- 55238 James M. Aldrich Band,
Div. 5.
P., E. A. Regan.
- 55239 James M. Aldrich Band,
Div. 6.
P., H. M. Leary.
- 55240 James M. Aldrich Band,
Div. 7.
P., T. W. Ryan.
- 55241 James M. Aldrich Band,
Div. 8.
P., A. G. Smith.
- 55242 Brayton Ave. School.
Brayton Ave. Bd., Div. 1.
P., M. F. Garity.
- 55243 Brayton Ave. Bd., Div. 2.
P., J. E. Sullivan.
- 55244 Brayton Ave. Bd., Div. 3.
P., Bertha Harris.

THE FINNS.

It is certainly quite safe to affirm that in no other European state, not even in Sweden and Norway, is life and property more secure than in Finland. The confident, matter-of-fact way in which trunks, parcels and portmanteaus are left for hours in the public streets of cities without any to look after them could not fail to edify an Englishman or a Belgian, whose portable property often seems to disappear by magic.

In the country districts the houses are for the most part unbolted, unbarred and unlocked. More than once in my excursions I have come up to a house, the occupants of which were miles away at the time, and yet not a door of it was bolted or barred.

Then again, it is no uncommon thing for a blooming girl of 17, or a young married woman, to drive alone in her cart a distance of 50 or 60 miles through dense forests, and by the shores of gloomy lakes, conveying the family's butter, cheese and eggs to market in town, and then to return home alone with the proceeds.

Finnish honesty is proverbial. In trade the Finns, as a rule, are not only scrupulously honest, they are heroically, quixotically so. A tradesman will tell you the whole truth about his wares, even when he knows perfectly well that by doing so he loses a customer whom the partial truth would have secured.

"This seems exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for," I said to a merchant in Helsingfors some months ago, in reference to an article that cost £15, "and I will buy it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly recommend me to take it." "No, sir, I do not recommend you to take it, nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you." And I left the shop and purchased what I wanted elsewhere.

"Here's your fare," I said to a peasant in the interior, who had driven me for three hours through the woods on his drosky, handing him is. "No, sir, that's double my fare," he replied, returning me half the money. And when I told him he might keep it for his honesty, he slightly nodded his thanks with the dignity of one of nature's gentlemen.

Saturday Review.

THE CHORISTERS.

There is a little band of singers
Every evening comes and lingers
Neath the window of my cottage in the trees;
And with dark they raise their voices,
While the gathering night rejoices,
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.
Then the twinkling stars come out
To enjoy the merry rout,
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;
And the fireflies furnish light,
That they read their notes aright—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.
All the night I hear them singing,
Through my head their tunes are ringing—
Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart:
Now the katydid and cricket,
From the deep of yonder thicket,
Then the croaking frog off yonder drones his part.
By and by the moon appears,
As the midnight hour nears,
And her smiles dispel the low'ring mist and fog;
Then the mirth is at its height,
And they glorify the night—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

Philadelphia North American.



MARBLEHEAD HARBOR.

Out of which we have rowed and sailed perhaps 100 times.

SINGING CATTLE TO SLEEP.

I note in your September *Our Dumb Animals* a clipping from the *Kansas City Times* regarding cowboys singing cattle to sleep. Though not a cowboy, I own some cattle and have "stood guard" a good many nights while moving them from pasture to pasture. At "bedding time"—about dusk—a rider will ride to the front of the herd and "hold it up," that is, stop it, and in a few minutes will ride rapidly round and round it till all the cattle are stopped and crowded close together, say 500 cattle in a circular piece of ground 100 yards in diameter. The cowboy usually whistles or sings while doing this. The cattle stop. Presently one lies down and is followed rapidly by the whole herd, till frequently in ten minutes a herd is all down, the cowboy now riding in a slow walk around them, stopping occasionally if he desires to. He whistles or sings, or is silent now as he likes; but should they get up and become excited in the night he again rides round them rapidly and sings till they are again quiet. The cattle soon learn what is wanted of them, and wild cattle are handled with less annoyance than gentle ones. But a man on foot will stampede a wild bunch, while a gentle lot will not run from such a cause. One "guard" is two hours, and that is all a cowboy is expected to stand each night. If the herd is 500 or under, one boy on guard at a time, if 500 to 5,000 cattle are in the bunch, two boys on guard at a time. If a storm comes up in the night all the camp are mounted and hard riding to prevent the cattle scattering.

Yours,

S. A. WIKOFF,
Pub. *Cunarron News*.

Keaton, Oklahoma Territory.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle.

Do not let your cats or dogs disturb the sleep of your sick or well neighbors.

ABOUT OUR BIRDS.

"No one should rob a nest unless he would like to have his own home torn away from him. Even to birds born in cages, like the canary, there comes great torture. For every canary well kept, a dozen are neglected and become a wretched sight to behold. The example is a bad one to set, even where these birds are properly treated. Can a bird—a winged thing—be properly treated in a cage?"

"It is very cruel to shut up birds in close rooms; the air which human beings often manage to breathe is misery to them. They want constant fresh air to keep them in health."

"Birds were not created for trimming bonnets and hats; how can people like to have the remains of their little dead bodies, after they have been killed with great barbarity most likely, stuck on to their clothes, or like to make their heads into a grave-yard for small birds? Neither did the Heavenly Father form them for amusing folk who shut them up in cages, where they sing, it is true, but only because they have no other way of making their sorrows known. People fancy these songs, which tell of a captive's longings for the green woods, to be gay, but the warble of a caged bird to anyone who is not hard-hearted is the saddest sound almost that can be heard; because it speaks of man's selfishness and tyranny over God's works."

"Without birds it would be impossible for man to live on the earth at all. Let us think why: Our water would be unfit to drink, and the air choked up by flying crowds of flies. Certain tribes of birds keep the air clear of millions of small winged insects, which, if unchecked, would soon make it unfit to breathe."

"Swallows are the most useful of birds to clear the air of flies which fill the air, and would also overcrowd the water with their offspring if left alone. The sparrows do much towards keeping the gutters, pavements and yards around houses clean and wholesome; they pick up morsels and scraps too small to be noticed by other eyes, which would, in time, breed illness."

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for June, 1903.

Fines and witness fees, \$280.61.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Miss Ella M. Gaylord, \$25; Mrs. Louise C. Bacon, \$10; Mrs. L. Tuckerman, \$5; Miss G. M. Dutcher, \$5; Mrs. W. H. Gardiner, Jr., \$5; Sunday School of Chestnut Hill Society, \$5; Mrs. Langdon Frothingham, \$5; H. M. Brewster, \$3; Mrs. B. F. Kenney, \$2; L. L. Holden, \$2; W. B. Mayo, \$2; C. A. Dawson, \$2; Mrs. S. W. Pratt, \$2; Taylor & Percival, \$2; Mrs. F. F. Raymond, \$2; Dr. M. \$0.50; H. J. S. \$0.25; Mrs. L. \$0.25; Cash, \$0.25; A friend, \$0.25.

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Total, \$118.50.

The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

SUBSCRIBERS.

M. F. Emery, \$6.50; O. A. Gardner, \$6; Mrs. E. S. Miller, \$5.75; E. F. Sainsbury, \$5; L. A. Munger, \$3.50; A. A. White, \$3; L. D. Baldwin, \$3; S. N. Emerson, \$2.75; Mrs. G. N. Wells, \$2.70; Mrs. J. A. Shearman, \$2.25; Mrs. M. A. Moore, \$2; Robert Curtis, \$2; M. B. Steller, \$1.50; A. E. Morrell, \$1.50; C. L. Wright, \$1; Mrs. W. R. Nimmons, \$1; M. S. Hardy, \$1; Gorchams Agency, \$1; Mrs. A. B. Clum, \$1; P. A. Carver, \$1; Mme. Vasconcellos, \$1; E. Hazard, \$1; W. F. Bringham, \$1; Mrs. S. F. Folsom, \$1; F. R. Howe, \$1; E. M. Shumway, \$1.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

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All others, \$73.32.

Total, \$157.27.

Sales of publications, \$123.46.

Interest, \$7.62.

Total, \$950.46.

Receipts of the American Humane Education Society for June, 1903.

Mrs. J. L. Pease, \$25; Elsieha Gunn, \$20; Mrs. Louisa C. Bacon, \$10; S. T. Pullen, \$10; S. B. Bidleman, \$8.40; Dr. F. P. Sprague, \$5; E. F. Strickland, \$5; Mrs. Ira P. Nye, \$1; Miss Fanny Alston, \$1.

Interest, \$37.10.

Petty sales, \$26.79.

A little girl sent out to look for eggs, returned without success, complaining that all the hens were standing about doing nothing.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "is a jackass a biped or a quadruped?"

"Please, sir," said Johnny, "that depends on the jackass."

Kathleen had been put out to service, and Mrs. Berry liked the rosy face of the young Irish girl. One day Kathleen was sent on an errand to town. She was longer than usual, and Mrs. Berry stood on the porch as she came through the field. Kathleen was happy, and Mrs. Berry observed: "Why, Kathleen, what a rosy, happy face to-day. You look as if the dew had kissed you." Kathleen dropped her eyes and murmured: "Indade, mum, but that wasn't his name."—*Boston Budget*.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

Boston, July 16, 1903.

Mr. GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

My Dear Sir: Allow me to express my thanks for the welcome visit of *Our Dumb Animals* each month. The little paper is so full of the spirit of Christ as to be a source of inspiration and blessing to all its readers.

God only can measure the good you have done during the years spent in your noble crusade.

With gratitude and appreciation, praying God's richest blessings upon you.

HARRY A. KING,

Pastor Eggleston Sq. M. E. Church.

7 Beethoven St.

A GOOD FRIEND IN THE SOUTH.

[From leading editorial in Sabine, (Texas) News, June 27th, sent us, with compliments of publisher.]

AMONG THE NOBLEST OF HIS TIME.

While the nations of earth are warring and preparing for war, while battle ships and fort armaments are being built, costing this country the enormous sum of \$150,000,000 a year, and troops are being enlisted and trained in the art of killing humanity by machinery, there is one man, now growing old in years as well as in the work of reformation along humanitarian lines, still pleading faithfully and persistently against the criminality of wars, and implanting within the minds of myriads youth the beautiful spirit of love for all of God's creatures, as he recounts through *Our Dumb Animals* the sufferings and death of soldiery and steeds in the rank and file of battle—the orphanage and widowhood at home—the parental sorrow for cherished sons that go, but come no more—all given as a sacrifice to the fame of one great victory, his prayer "that the nations may all quit building war equipments" gets a hearty amen from the reader who has within him even a remote degree of reverence for the Lowly Nazarene who gave his life that others might be saved. It is counted a national calamity when a great statesman dies; but it were better for this country that all its statesmen who plot and plan for war should pass away, than that we should lose Geo. T. Angell, whose life work has been and is for peace.

[In our 81st year we have no hesitation in saying we like such praise.]

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

We believe no other paper in the world goes, as "*Our Dumb Animals*" does every month, to the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we believe that no paper in the world is more seldom thrown into the waste-basket unread.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of over twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

Don't forget your cat.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following prices, free of postage:—

Black Beauty, in English or Italian,	cloth 30 cts., paper 10 cts.
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Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet, by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to everyone asking.

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month
by the

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